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G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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NO. 544.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE LITTLE TIN PAILS.

"Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing— Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees it close; Something attempted, something done, Has carned a night's repose."

God bless the laborer! God bless his com-

be as full of love and all love's sweet associa-

At about six o'clock in the afternoon, a pas-

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXI-Continued. She looked at me, pityingly. "That wa sad-she knew all about that-sadder still for those who were so young as I. Would I take more peach? Her peaches were raised at

Higheliff. Peter told her, when last in town, that the trees had blossomed full this springwe would, please Heaven, watch their ripening ourselves."

"Is Higheliff far from the city?" "No-it is among the Bedford hills, in Westchester county-an old place which belonged to Mr. Annesley's father-Mr. Ralph Saviile Annesley, I mean-my cousin, to whom

this place also belongs." "Is he often here, ma'am?"

"Not often : I always keep his rooms ready for him, for no one knows when he may drop in upon enc-perhaps from Egypt or Lapland, for Cousin Ralph" (how familiarly the name seemed!) "is a great traveller, but he usually takes his meals at a hotel. I would rather he did not, but he has a fancy that he might disturb my quiet-and he is as thoughtful for others as he is careless of himself."

"Is he travelling now?" "He has spent the winter in Paris, I hear from Mr. Spencer, his lawyer. He never writes, except on business, and then to Mr.

"He has no family?"

" None-he and I are the last of our race." She pushed back her plate with a sigh, and sat for some seconds silent, as if saddened by the thought; then, rousing herself, she added-"There is something sad in seeing an old family like ours become extinct-but Mr. Annesley has never married, and probably never

"Is be so very fastidious, then?"

"No more so, perhaps, than any gentleman who has seen so much of life. He is quite a favorite with the ladies, yet, as soon as he leaves their presence, he forgets all about them, and is really quite as attentive to an old woman like me, as the gayest of them all. I do not think he cares for domestic ties, or it may be that the unfortunate experience of his youth

but, as the lady did not seem inclined to speak. I at last ventured to ask-" Had he suffered. then, very much?

"I hardly know. He was very much attached, it was said, to a young lady, and was superseded in her parents' good graces, if not in her affec-tions, by his half brother, some years his senior, whose superior wealth, inherited from his mother, largely in his favor. He went to England, but, before the marriage was consumma-ted, he was recalled by his brother's sudden Then, the parents of the lady were very attentive to him, and it was even said that fect indifference toward them all, and she soon after married a son of one of our wealthiest

"I should hardly think her worth caring for," I said, bluntly.

She smiled. "That is the judgment of youth. I might have thought so once; but, after all, her chief fault was one which older eyes are inclined to look on with more leniencydeference to her parents' will. She is one of the most elegant ladies in the city, and her house is the centre of attraction." "And you think this is why he remains un- the dear old times."

some of his peculiarities; and it is natural for me, I suppose, to think, when I see Mrs. Lincoln—that's the lady, dear—how different his forced back, and she said, quickly—

came in, and, receiving no order to withdraw, I I s'pose, when thinking about it." took a low seat, and sa', trying to picture to mywould not harmonize with them; and, to satisfy myself, I was obliged to place him alone, beneath an eastern palm, with no background sky stooped down to meet the equally limitless expanse of arid desert sand below; no surroundings but the group of turbaned Arab guides and the patient camels-or urging his raw November storm, as I had known him once, with no companion but his dog. Had I the beach, you know. Then, I have not felt had crayon and paper, I could not have drawn very strong, lately, and have been busy, sewly; and so intent was I, that I scarcely noted anght of the presence of the ladies, save the soft ripple of their low voices, until they rose to "Don't be too sanguine, Cousin Anne. Perfection don't usually take that form. I dare say

she has all the faults of her tribe! "Miss Annesley gave a hurried glance to ward where I sat; the lady noted it with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"Tant micux," she observed; "it may save you the trouble of giving a lesson in future." They left the room, the rustle of silks as they swept along the hall died away; then my mistress turned to me-

and weary. I ought to have dismissed you be-

"Is there nothing I can do for you, ma'am?" "Nothing; Jane will see to me-and to morrow will be soon enough for you to think of

the, to me, elegant furniture and snow-white bed, and thought how, ten nights since, I was houseless and homeless in a strange place, my heart swelled with fervent gratitude to God for

I have no intention of giving the details of the life of an "humble companion;" and mine, in the service of gentle Miss Annesley, must have been a wide exception to the general rule. reading about Milton, Shakspeare, Cowper, and "Indeed. Is it so, Birdie Thomson, but far oftener from the volumes of come to see you the oftener." the Rambler and Spectator, her smile growing sweeter, and her eyes brighter, at the stately courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley, until I fancied her the living type of her of whom he courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley and the courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley and the courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley and the courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley and the courtesy of good old Sir Roger de Coverley and the coverley and

uttered that most graceful of all compliments, "She is as inimitable by all women, as she is Lina. I am a grad you are here, inaccessible to all men."

There was a fine library adjoining Miss Anhere I found, among works of rare wisdom, those lighter tales which, under Mr. Tyler's sway, had tempted me into falsehood, many of which I now read aloud as a part of my duty. gentlemen who came to call upon the Lloyds. Sometimes I caught the soft, silvery, subdued voices, as I passed through the hall, and I wondered for a moment if they really were born to doubt, and care, and sorrow, like myself. The Lloyds usually passed an hour or two in Miss Annesley's room, before dinner; but, as they never appeared to notice me, any more than they did any other piece of the furniture, I gladly availed myself of Miss Annesley's permission to take this time for a walk; and my first thought was of little Adeline Leete. I had her address— Broken pavements, tumble-down houses, have perished in the water, like those devil infested ones in Galilee; lean, wild-eyed, snarling curs, snuffing for bones; dilapidated vehicles, reeking gutters. Could any human being live in such a place as this—much less Uncle Steve's Bluebird, "who had been such a tender

little thing," as he once told me, "and needed broodin' so much?" I thought of the fresh sea breezes, the broad golden beach, the skimmer of the broad blue sea, the clean cottage floor, and the bench outside, overshadowed by the giant pines—and the contrast made me sick at heart. I leaned up against one of the houses, saying to myself, "She is dead-you might as well look here for the wind-flower of the woods." But there were children there—pale, scrofulous, blear eyed little creatures; and as I looked up saw, far up on the window-ledge of one of those rickety houses, a pot, containing a sickly-looking plant—children and flowers! But, dear Heaven, what a new sense of the possibilities of the words I gained that day! Still, the number I sought. A woman, in perfect keeping with the place, came to the door, and, in

made him skeptical."

I wondered what this experience might be; had he been "dis'p'inted," like Miss Agnes and Polly Maria? If so, he certainly did not, and I ascended as rapidly as the state of the successary funds to be turned back, and I ascended as rapidly as the state of the successary funds to be turned back, and I ascended as rapidly as the state of the new successary funds to build up the successary funds to build up in" was my answer, but the tone was so unlike smooth, narrow forehead wore no look of thought

I shoved back the door very carefully. But put back my veil, and sprang forward to meet her, I saw the flash of surprise steal over her face, and fling far back her drooping eyelids preciating the attraction that had charmed Bir. with wonder, as it was wont, when Uncle Steve die, even as it would most other young girls, I told some tale more marvellous than the rest; trembled for her future. He would be the footand the next instant she was in my arms, her face buried on my neck, sobbing-

I could have sobbed, too, but that would have been unwise; so, without unclasping my arms, my leave. Her husband offered to walk with I half carried her across the room—no great me as far as Broadway, and, as she warmly lown by my side, on a trunk, the nearest approach to a lounge which the place afforded I et her weep awhile; and, as I felt her slender frame quivering with emotion, I began to give ome account of my adventures in finding her-I scarcely knew or cared what, so that it calmed her, and diverted her mind from the direction I knew it had taken. At length, she lifted up tre."

"I must cry, Lina, I'm so glad to see yo So glad, and it minds me so of Uncle Steve and

"Yes, they were indeed dear old times!" "I sometimes recur to it as the solution of said, involuntarily.

Again her head was laid on my shoulder,

"You must not think it's because She rang for Jane to remove the tray, asked happy now, that I cry so. Of course I am, and me to stir the wood fire burning in the grate, a | ought to be; but one can never be a child but task I had hardly finished when the Lloyds once, and it's that which makes everybody sad,

She had withdrawn from my arms as self Mr. Annesley, with his flashing eye, and abrupt, changeful moods, as the husband of that elegant lady, dispensing the honors of that centre of attraction" in this most the first time, I got a full view of her face. It fashionable city. But, somehow, I did not succeed; the whole surroundings, though I drew them gorgeously enough, seemed too light and tremulous curve to her lip, that convinced me that something more than regrets for a

I took this in at a glance, for I could not bear that she should read my suspicion; then

"How do you busy yourself here, Birdie Have you made many acquaintances?"
"Not many; some young women who knew
Henry have called, but city people seem so different from country people; care to go out much. It is not like walking on

aught of the presence of the ladies, save the soft ripple of their low voices, until they rose to withdraw, and Miss Lloyd said, laughing— gone, and in its place a kind of weariness that nade me inexpressibly sad, as she spoke. you like boarding?" "Not so well as I should to keep house.

But house-rent is so high in the city. Still, Henry means to have rooms as soon as he can as Miss Annes ey had said of her reading, have got very few things as yet."
"A plenty," I said, with a glance at the

cheap but neatly-arranged furniture. "You would have more to occupy you, in keeping ess turned to me—

"Pardon me, child—you must be very tired great deal of time with you, now." It might have been hard-Heaven knows I did not mean it; but I must know more of the

> have very little leisure in the city, and he has to work so hard, poor Henry! that when he has a leisure evening, it seems selfish to keep him cooped up here. Men can't content themhim cooped up here. Men can't content themher request took her seat at the small piano selves, like women; and I am atraid I am sometimes stupid, especially of late—you know I never was very bright, dear—but by and by, I think—I believe we shall have something to occupy us both."
>
> The blushing cheek was hid again on my "Songs without Words," which were delicious

Uncle Steve and the clear blue sea. For some seconds I sat, with my arms folded close about her, with the yearning wish to shelter her from Miss Annesley drew the half-irritated school-She was very like Miss Agnes, minus the sentimentality—very tranquil, fond of old friends all sorrow and harm, before I could gather

"Yes; and I am ay glad you are here and these women are all so strange. I s'pose it's silly; I know Henry thinks it is, but I cannesley's room, to which she had the key; and here I found, among works of rare wisdom, I shall feel better now. It's almost like seeing Uncle Steve; better even, though I would give so much to see him!

"When will he be home?" But the house below was quite a contrast to our quiet. Miss Annesley, with rare generosity, left her friends to pursue their own pleasures; and I often amused myself by watching, from the window, the beautiful ladies and the stately the ships, because I am so anxieus." the ships, because I am so anxious."

Sitting there upon that trunk, we talked over all our old days, and much that had happened since. I told her that I had left Oaklawn, and come to the city to live, and she was too well pleased with the fact to trouble me for reasons. Steps were heard on the stairs; she paused, turned her head with a kind of bird-like movement toward the door, her whole face flashing with pleasure as she listened.

"It is Henry! Now you will see him, Lina! I'm so glad he his come home!" was of little Adeline Leete. I had her address—
it was 160 Mulberry street; and, not caring to
take a servant to witness our interview, I studied the great plan of the city hanging in the ied the great plan of the city, hanging in the upper hall, until I felt quite certain I could and one said scmething, at which the other find my way alone. I knew nothing of the laughed heartily, as he came forward toward city, save the few streets above Beekman leading to Washington Square and Broadway; and, when I had crossed this great thoroughfare, and turned into Mulberry, my heart misgave me. Broken payaments to all leads to the story above. But I heard his voice and saw his face in that brief space, and both had been too dearly investigated. memory, years ago, for me to mistake them. It filth of all descriptions, stenches of all cdors; was Tom Hunt—older, more bloated and sen-famine-stricken swine, that aught long ago to sual locking if possible, less flashily dressed, but still, Tom Hunt. Somehow, the sight of him there struck me ominously, brought back my old childish feeling of dread; and I sat staring at the door, half expecting him to turn back, to call out "little devil," with an oath, as of old, when little Adeline stood by my side, saying-"Yes, Lina; Uncle Steve's Blackbird that he used to tell you about! Lina, this is Henry—

he knows all about you, dear." "Yes, indeed; and he's glad to see you here," said the husband, smiling, as I rose and gave him my hand. "A fine time you have had of it, no doubt, talking over old times. Ada, here, thinks there is nothing in New York to compare with that bit of beach and the old

She placed her little fingers upon his lips, as he flung himself into a chair, saying, with just a little touch of reproach in her tones— "Oh, Henry! that's not fair! I think it was the cool, sweet Air, I spoke of, and dear Uncle

sight gave me courage; and I pushed on, regardless of the broken paving-stones, until I said, "for, as yet, I have seen nothing in this stood before the dirty brick house bearing the the freshness and purity of the Cove. So, you see, vou have two against you, now, instead of

answer to my inquiry, if Mr. Bush and his wife boarded there, directed me civilly enough—
bating her stare, which seemed to pierce my thick veil—to their room, on the third floor. I gave a glance of dismay at the steep, filthy ing," he added as he lounged indolently back gave a glance of dismay at the steep, intally ling, he attend as he lounged indolently back into I alls. The very windows where, not stair-way, which seemed but a continuation of in his chair, and went on to speak to me of this many months past, the flags of the allied Pow-

but the brown eye was blank and shallow, the or power, the straight nose no energy, the small there she stood, my darling of old; and, as I trol-the whole impression was weak and waball of circumstances, and how soiled and broken might be her plumage in the race!

> her to come and see me in Beekman street, I took me as far as Broadway, and, as she warmly seconded it, I accepted.
>
> More than once, while I had sat there, I had

> felt tempted to ask if Tom Hunt lived in that region; but the memory of the look on little door, withheld ma; but once out in the street, I put the question to her husband.

> "Yes; they live in Broome street, near Cene."
> "Do you know them?"

"Yes; I was in a salcon where he was for some time. He was at one time proprietor, but got into trouble, and was obliged

That was enough. I did not wish to excite his suspicion by my queries, and, turning the conversation upon Uncle Steve, of whom he spoke very warmly, we walked on. As we turned into Houston street, we met two very showily-dressed girls, one of which, with handsome though coarse estures, and bold black eyes, bowed to my conpanion, and almost paused to peer under my veil—then, with a rude laugh, passed on. Mr. Bush seemed annoyed, for he walked more rabidly, saying—
"That was Bunt's daughter, Fan—an impu-

dent girl enough."
That was the girl I had admired so much, when, as children, we sat together by the margin of the Pord-for whose gay dresses and long curls I had almost forgotten my Ollie!
Her laugh rung on my ear painfully and discordantly, and I was glad when Mr. Bush left me on Broadway, to pursue my way home alone.
The Lloyds were at dinner when I reached home and passing and the street of th

home, and, pessing up to my room, I hurriedly laid aside my things, and brushed my hair, to be ready for Miss Annesley's table, for, by her wish, I continued to take my meals with her. She made some general inquiries about my walk, which were easily answered—remarked that I "looked fatigued," that I must take the

sofa and get rested, for Miss Grace Lloyd was below, and after dinner she was coming up to see her, and she wanted me to hear her playshe played and sung so beautifully. "Better thas Miss Lloyd?" I asked, for more

execution, or so her rich and powerful tones, of some one of her gentlemen guests. I noticed she seldom song save on such occasions, but,

did everything well."

"No," she replied, "not as well; few can equal her, I think; but Miss Lloyd does not like to play; unless obliged by the demand of society, or she has some one to accompany her. But Grace has always something new when she comes, and see is always ready to play for me." The young lady soon entered—quite the op-posite of he sister—a blonde, with petite features, grace ul figure, child like, naïve manners, and so reely a trace of the mother and elder sister' haughty pride, save in an occa-sional curve of the lips. She bowed as Miss

this pleasant haven of rest. All my doubts seemed to vanish—I placed the future in His hand, only praying for grace and strength to do my duty, wherever it might lie. The sleep of happy childhood is not sweeter or sounder than that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that which I enjoyed that first wight in my new that we shall nave sometime to compy us both."

The blushing cheek was hid again on my shoulder, as she spoke, and the blush and the action were more intelligible than her words.

She a mother! I gave a glance around the some than the window that the window is a strength to do compy us both."

The blushing cheek was hid again on my shoulder, as she spoke, and the blush and the action were more intelligible than her words.

She a mother! I gave a glance around the some than the window that the window the strength to do compy us both."

The blushing cheek was hid again on my shoulder, as she spoke, and the blush and the action were more intelligible than her words.

She a mother! I gave a glance around the strength to compy us both." narrow room. I thought of the terrible street dow, with an air of the utmost indifference; but without, the nauseous tainted atmosphere, of her lonely life—for her simple artifice could not deceive me, if it did herself—and wondered not child," or "that is not the expression at all,"

timentality—very tranquil, fond of old friends and old books; and the reader must fancy me reading about Milton, Shakspeare, Cowper, and Thomson, but for offener from the reader must fancy me strength to utter, firmly—

"Indeed. Is it so, Birdie? Then I must knew she meeded "the excitement of a whole

opportunity for me to do credit to myself, and said, in a pleasant accent out, opened the instrument and practiced a little.) "Will you oblige us, dear?"

Mrs. Lloyd said "Grace!" in her most pom-

LIFE IN PARIS.

Paris, May 7, 1857. The Monkey Mania-Grand Duke Constantine-His Curiosity-His Grand Entré into Paris-The Great Review-Empress Eugénie-Austria's Distrust with regard to the Grand Duke's Visit to France-The Sovereigns of Europe, and their Despotism-The Dismissal of the Students at Naples-Death of a Soldier, suspected to be an Accomplice of Milano—The News of an Insurrection in Calabre-The Restauration of a Church at Ruel-Alfred de Musset, the late French

To the Editor of the National Era :

The monkey performances at the Theatre Gaité have for some time attracted the attention of the excitable Parisians, and those caricatures of the human species did wonders. When such as Mademoiselle Rachel, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Mathews, and Talma, quite forgot themselves, flew up the scenery, and jumped into the pit, causing great alarm among the ladies; but their master, a John Bull, knowing well how to bring them to their sober senses, applied the whip, and the performance went off admirably.

This monkey mania had scarcely subsided, when a new curiosity of a higher order made its appearance, in the shape of a Russian Grand

His Imperial Highness's arrival in the southern part of France was officially announced. and his movements and impressions faithfully heralded by the Moniteur.

The Duke seems naturally very curious and many notes taken. A mysterious object attracted his attention, and, giving way to his uncontrolled curiosity, he uncovered it, but quickly dropped it again, and, to wipe away the undropped it again, and, to wipe away the un-pleasant impression made by the disclosure of a trophy from the Crimea, asked the distance from Toulon to Paris.

shot at a bearded Cossack in effigy, with a tallow candle in his mouth—are now decorated with the Russian flag, lustily waving its jaundiced colors with those of the French.

What a hypocritical world we live in! As a matter of course, all Paris was out toone mass of human beings. The ladies were pleased with his personal appearance; they found him a handsome, German-looking blond, a joli garcon, though he does wear spectacles.

Marshal Magnau, commander in-chief of the ral Russian notabilities, were assembled, await-

ing the arrival of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke.

He reached here at five o'clock, and drove off with Prince Napoleon, followed by their suites, in elegant open Imperial coaches, drawn by four horses. Two companies of the picturdown the Rue Royal, entering the Rue de Ri- tress situated on the Adriatic. voli by the beautiful Place de la Concord, and

ines of soldiers of the Imperial guard. o the large salon, where he was presented to

her Imperial Majesty the Empress.

The suite of his Imperial Highness is composed of distinguished persons—Sabouroff, grand master of ceremonies at the Court of his Imperial Highness; Glovine, his secretary and secret, and the details are not yet known. hamberlain; Jaourovitz, chief physician; Rear Admiral Glasenap; Rear Admiral Berres; Colonel Greig, aid-de camp to the Grand Duke ; isianski, captain of the navy, and aid-de-camp; Baron Boyer, lieutenant of the navy, also aidde camp; and, lastly, Prince Ouchtomsky,

fourth aid-de-camp.

The Grand Duke is devoting his time to alone before dinner. There was to have been par ordre, a performance of Marco Spada at the grand opera, which was countermanded in consequence of the Courts being again thrown inty was terminated at midday by the pontification, attended the market of the line and the market of the line and the market of the sailles, accompanied by the curate of Ruel, the Prefect of Versailles, and other persons of distinction, attended the ceremony, and the solemnity was terminated at midday by the pontification.

by a few officers of his suite; he has inherited Duke de Bassano the grand chamberlain, and Duke de Cambacérès the grand master of cere-

Attable, the Grand Duke was placed between the Marshals Vaillant and Magnau; the Rus-sian ambassador, Count Kiseleff, was opposite, and seated between Pelissier and Canro Several toasts were offered—first, by Count Kiseleff, "to Emperor Napoleon;" by Marshal Vaillant, "to Emperor Alexander;" by Marshal Pelissier, "to the Russian army," to which the Duke Constantine responded enthusiasm, "to the French army."

After dinner, the Duke, accompani

that brilliant procession were Pelissier, Vaillant, Canrobert, and some distinguished Russian generals—Todtleben, Kiseleff, Manzuroff, has studied those districts for so many years, Mrs. Lloyd said "Grace!" in her most point on the following said "Grace!" in her most point one, and I saw Miss Julia's lip carl satirically, as she said, "Doubtless she would, Grace. It is quite a bright thought for you!" Tranquil Miss Annesley saw nothing but an opportunity for me to do credit to myself, and aid, in a pleasant accent—

"Yes: Lina really does play very well." (I had sometimes, when the Miss Lloyds were commander-in-chief of the army, advanced to meet his Majesty, who passed through the first lines of soldiers, and then entered the Ecole Militaire, where he joined the Empress, seated on the balcony of the grand pavilion with Prin-cess Mathide, Duchess Stephanie of Baden, Princess Murat, and the ladies of their suites.

After the Emperor had distributed a great number of decorations, the troops were ordered to defile before him. The Empress looked charmingly, as usual, and I will give a descrip-tion of her dress, which may interest some of my readers. She wore a white hat of drawn tulle, with a long feather on the left side, and a blonde lace hanging over the face; her hair was crimped and puffed, in bandeaux drawn over above the ear. She wore a splendid Parisian

been given, though the number of guests was much smaller than usual on such occasions. the curtain rose, on the evening of the first representation, the grand personages of this troop, were brought together to play a few scenes from the most celebrated French plays as well as

Austria, being well acquainted with the fact on's hatred to the power that was most instrumental in banishing his uncle, looks with dis-trust upon this visit of the Russian Prince to France. The Austrian Emperor visited Lom-bardy to gain the confidence of that volcanic people, and the object of his present visit to Hungary, during which it is hoped he will grant an amnesty to the exiles, and give Government offices to some of the most influential men of that unfortunate country, is no doubt for the same purpose. But Lombardy is only waiting for a signal to rise; Hungary will follow the example, and Austria will be lost, if Russia and France abandon her to her fate.

The sovereigns of Europe have nothing furinquiring. Whilst visiting the arsenal, he carefully examined all objects of interest, and had them; and, without consulting their support, they take any and every means to strengthen

The King of Naples has ordered that the e their studies at the University of that capital. Those from other parts of the kingdom have been sent back to their homes, and strict On Thursday last, he made his grand entré orders, precluding to them the grant of passinto Paris. The very windows where, not many months past, the flags of the allied Pow-

new colleges; and if the public funds can pour forth the necessary amount, the expenses must be met by an additional tax, called additional charge—thus depriving Naples of the advantages it has hitherto reaped from the sojourn of forty thousand young men. The Government will thereby gain an increase of taxes, see the Russian lion, and the Boulevards were their finger nails, and enjoy a long vacation, the young students will have time to bite off before those institutions are ready to receiv

The street leading from the Royal Palace to joli garcon, though he does wear spectacles. the railroad depot at Naples was greatly en-The Prince arrived at the Lyons depot, cumbered, on the 21st of April, with gendarmes which was brilliantly decorated with French and policemen, not allowing any one to pass, and Russian colors. One of the salons was because the King was returning from Caserte, beautifully arranged for his reception, and the seats were mostly occupied by Russian ladies of Bavaria. The wife of a soldier, wishing to cross the street when the coaches were approaching, and in the act of handing a petition Napoleon reached the depot, accompanied by to King Ferdinand, was thrown down by the his aides-de-camp, to receive this august guest. of the wheels over them. This unfortunate army of Paris, the Prefect of the Seine and the creature was supplicating employment in a to-Prefect of Police; Count Kiseleff, the Russian bacco manufactory! The King, on hearing of Minister at London; the Minister of Wurtem-burg, accompanied by his legation; and seve-pagna, arrested, because his agents did not prevent the accident, by attending to their duty, The garrison of the capital was suddenly re-

on their way. The regiment of Agesilao Milano has been esque guides accompanied the cortege from one and ot the Boulevards to the other, turning Aquela, and the other sent to Pescara, a for-

A soldier, suspected to be an accomplice nearing the Tuilleries through the triumphal Milano, died from the tortures inflicted upon arch of the Place de Carrousel, between two him by the Commissary Espagnolis, even more The Emperor advanced to the top of the pagna; it is said, "the poor fellow died of thirst; his food consisted of salt provisions, and he was fastened to a wall, with a vase of water he could not reach, placed before him, and literally died enraged."

The news of an insurrection in Calabre secret, and the details are not yet known. The church of Ruel, containing the tombs of their Majesties Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense, was in a sad state of dilapidation; the Emperor lately ordered its complete resto ration, at the expense of the public. On Sunday

Thanks to the ingenuity of the architects, the sight-seeing, following the itinerary of the programme laid out for him, with military exactness gramme laid out for him, with military exactness the time of Cardinal Richelieu, seem to have been built but yesterday. The Bishop of Vermanded the naval forces against Tripoli, but a first day, and what a wonder! he walked out been built but yesterday. The Bishop of Ver-

into mourning by the death of the Duchess of Gloucester.

Alfred de Musset, one of the most brilliant departed this life. The Court etiquette not allowing the Grand Duke to attend a gala representation, did not, however, prevent his attending the theatre of the Palais Royal, incognito, accompanied only On the 2d of May, a grand military dinner the funeral took place. Many members of the was given at the Russian embassy, in honor of Institute, of which he was a distinguished memthe Duke. The marshals of France, a few generals, and the high dignitaries of the Crown,

Duke de Cambactrès the grand master of ceremonies, were the only guests. The Duke has authorized Count Kiseleff to give a dinner to a family, was born at Paris, November, 1810. He commenced his literary career in 1830, and succession of the marine. cessively published La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle; Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie; poems and dramatic pieces, first played in Rus-sia, afterwards at the Theatre Français; a vol-ume of Poesis nouvelles was his last publica-

Count Kiseleff, attended a splendid ball given in his honor at the residence of the Minister of Marine, where, after taking a turn around the salons, he threw himself very familiarly into an arm chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and the salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier, and had an unusually long and salons are chair next to Pelissier.

knows, of course, that the mountain chains both in Persia and Beloochistan are very stubborn barriers to break through, let alone the wild tribes they harbor. But from the Syrian coast to the town of Bassora there are no engineering difficulties worth speaking of; almost the whole way will be through the valleys of Antioch and the Euphrates, or else along the plains of Mesopotamia.—London Daily News' Constantinople
Where has he been? What has he been doing?

Who devotes so much time to wishing, that the best doing?

Where has he been? What has he been doing?

gentleman, in Oriental dress, bearing both in and in consideration of the eminent services and the long whistles sound at the shops, he regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Naonce rendered to this country by his uncle,

in the following article.

AN ARABIAN KNIGHT'S TALE.

moved, and three battalions added to the Swiss at Derne, the chief city of Tripoli, the summons to surrender was answered by the Governor with the laconic response, "My head or yours!" track, and forms every part of the focusion for the long state of the summons or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth, wherever wheat fields wave and mill other public object of curiosity about the place. a loss of fourteen of the one hundred American marines, who, with the two thousand Arabs, hands. Should not the laborer be well fed?

sideration of a ransom for his American prisoners, to discontinue his piracy upon Ameri-United States, was deprived of the fruits of his

and urge the acts of Parliament to be executed ney's line is traced out from Seleucia, a small place on the Syrian coast, in the Bay of Antioch; thence it will run towards the valley of in witchcraft is very general. In every parish

Our readers in Washington may perpleasant story in it. Early in the morning, ed cares and anxieties, from which they are
that pail is filled. Before the breakfast things
free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that Avenue and in our circles, an old, gray-bearded are washed and put away, it is placed upon the table by a good industrious woman, who gentleman, in Oriental dress, bearing both in his features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is features and manners that venerable expression so characteristic of our patriarchs of line table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, who is featured in the table by a good industrious woman, which is good in the table by a good industrious woman, which is good in the table by a good industrious woman, which is good in the table by a old times. That gentleman's name was Mo- morning, and now she stops all other work to hammed Habbat, an Arabian Knight. He is see the laboring husband off to his work, and a nephew of the late Achmet Caramalli, ex-Bashaw of the Regency of Tripoli, of General bread, the pickles, and perhaps some dainty above the ear. She wore a splendid Parisian shawl of massive gold embroidery, and a purple dress, double skirt of moire antique, and a beautiful purple moiré antique sun shade, with a pure white feather fringe, a quarter of a yard long.

Bashaw of the Regency of Tripoli, of General bread, the pickies, and perhaps some bit which she has saved for the man she loves, and perhaps some bit which she has saved for the man she loves, are placed in the little tin pail, one after purpose of obtaining from the Government of long. He, the laborer, stands by and looks on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to due to the family of their old ally. He laid the youngest, says a pleasant good morning to like, listen for the death tick in your chamber; his case before Secretary Marcy, but, whether his wife, takes his pail in his hand, and away from neglect or from intrigue, the ex-Premier, he goes.

From that time he disappears for the day. as the old gentleman asserted, not only paid no attention to him, but treated him in a manner He swings the hammer, or pushes the plane, "most inhospitable," and was otherwise hostile to him in every respect, so that he was obliged to apply to Congress for redress, and, until that Russia is seeking to revenge herself on her unfaithful ally, and well aware of Napole-the hospitality of private confidence in this case, to accept the hospitality of private confidence in this case, to accept the hospitality of private confidence in this case, and his heart courageous, and his mind content. the hospitality of private gentlemen in this city, not. Gay idlers attract his eyes for a moment, who, from respect to his old age and his family, but he despises them. When noontime comes, drops his work, and opens his little tin pail.

> As Congress adjourned without acting upon reaches the bottom, and his eyes moisten as he desecration in the step of poverty, but welhis case, probably for want of the necessary sees there a piece of fruit or some little delica- come ever to their wealth of beauty, rich and time to act, he determined to go to his family; and he lately sailed for France, on his way
>
> time to act, he determined to go to his family; and he lately sailed for France, on his way
>
> cy which the kind wife has smuggled in unknown to him—something which had cost her gaily as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less self-denial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With thither. On his arrival at New York, the his appetite, and with the sweet associations roundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern Evening Post of that city gave some of the which embalm it, it is a feast for the gods. facts connected with this interesting subject,

Mohammed Habbat, nephew of the celebrated after hour, during pauses in his labor, and things that burden those who own them, and down falls the tardy index, until at last the could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts now stopping at the National Hotel, in this city.

The visit of this venerable Arab—the first, we believe, of his race, who ever touched our fore him are twelve or fourteen blessed hours

down falls the tardy index, until at last the could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts stroke of six runs out, and the whistle of replacements already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich, while he who counts his milital joy if he was counted by the stroke of six runs out, and the whistle of replacements already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. shores—recalls one of the most romantic episodes of our national history—and one in which sodes of cur national history—and one in which, on, the little tin pail taken from its hiding fifty years ago, he himself, then a young man, place, and he is in the street again. Now we took an honorable part. We refer to the siege meet him. Now the streets are full of little and capture of Derne, in 1805, by the combined American and Arabian forces. It will be remembered that, under Jefferson's Administration and Market and the self-respect, who live manly lives, who earn, and "owe not any man." The little tin pail that most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think, Mediterranean, to put down the system of piracy previously practiced by Tripoli on the commerce of this Government, and to procure the release of three hundred and twenty American citizens all over the city. In five hundred of these, the who had been taken from an American vessel, table is already set out, and at the fire sits the glowing colors, when there rose up on the and were held in slavery by the ruling Bashaw, neatly-dressed wife, and the hissing teapot, vision of the assembly, in the open air, a horsewho had refused to comply with our demands, awaiting the husband's return. Behold the man of magnificent proportions; and, just at except for a ransom of \$200,000, and the paynent of an annual tribute of \$20,000 for the relinquishment of his depredations.

Hamet-or, properly speaking, Achmet-who sound sweet sleep between. had been unjustly deposed, and after his ban-ishment had resided in Upper Egypt. By this treaty, the Americans agreed to co-operate, in order to reinstate Hamet on the throne, provided that on his restoration he would set free the captured Americans, and refrain from the plundering policy of his brother, the ruling panion, the little tin pail! May it evermore surper. To these terms Hamet assented, and, abandoning the lucrative position of General, tions as it is filled each morn with food, and the Mamelukes of Upper Egypt, he contributed his entire force of Arab followers, camels, and prosperity of a community. The more thickly horses, to the expedition for the re-conquest of Tripoli. How this military caravan (extly in ous do we know that we are growing. Oh, let and long applause.] - Wendell Phillips. March, 1805) started on their two months' us feel kindly toward the little tin pails, and journey of toil and suffering, from Demanhour, deal kindly toward those that bear them. For on the southern shore of Lake Maetis, across labor is the only honorable thing among men the great Barcan desert; what privations and There is not a graded lawn, a pretty garden, dangers they endured, from hunger, thirst, and or a well-trained tree, that does not tell of it. the terrible sirocco, or hot wind, which, with its column of heated dust, "swept everything vies, and bridges rivers, and lays the railroad pened to pass through or visit that town, to which had life to the ground; "how, on arrival track, and forms every part of the locomoand how, after an obstinate and bloody resist- wheels turn, there labor is the conqueror and A gay young Englishman one day visited Mrs. ance of two days, the city surrendered, with but the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads Burns, and after he had seen all she had to are well known historical events, in which our have the best wife and the prettiest children in wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by venerable visiter is probably the only surviving the world? Should not the man who produces his own hand, and some other little trilles of

Lear, the American Consul at Algiers, in con- "good time coming, boys," it will be. EMILY BRONTE. - The remarkable trait of Bronte: Keeper was faithful to the depths of his navictory. By means of the treaty, he was compelled to retire, impoverished and heart-broken, or the other was at the point of death. Now, to Egypt, where, in 1810, he died. From that Keeper's household fault was this. He loved o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once to Egypt, where, in 1810, he died. From that time till 1842, his family and descendants were to steal up stairs and stretch his square tawpy sustained by the liberality of Mohammed Ali, limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the company this celebrated poet to his last resting place; such was not the case, and it can only be attributed to the early hour at which the funeral took place. Many members of the Institute, of which he was a distinguished memily of monammed All, however, they with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was the funeral took place. Many members of the Institute, of which he was a distinguished memily of monammed All, however, they with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so obtained to the case, and it can only be attributed to the early hour at which the funeral took place. Many members of the Institute, of which he was a distinguished memiliant took place. and recently became so reduced that last year it was resolved to send Mohammed Habat to solicit from the justice and gratitude of this Government the payment of its debt due to his uncle.—Evening Post, May 11.

offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphant-Summary of the Laws and Regulations of the ly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Church of Scotland," published in 1852, we find the following in the Third Book of Discipline, relative to "Witches and Charmers:" not speak to interfere; no one dared, when right to be sued. "Our General Assembly, July 29, 1640, or-Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the charmers, witches, and all abusers of the people, against them." A correspondent, referring to and savagely all the time. at every few hars she observed, without turning the head, "you take that altogether too fast, child," or "Cant is not the expression at all," or "is that ". At his last spot it will leave to the boat, and that the crop may now all the proposition. The horsehoe is very common, in a mach cassing the total the most of a special to the stern or stern-post of the boat, and is not the expression at all, and that the crop may now all and no fisherman will use a boat gain which at the crop may now all the proposition at the continuation of the cities there are many fortank was known to the cities there are many fortank was known to the cities there are many fortank was known to the cities there are many fortank was known to the cities there are many fortank was kn

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to her funeral: he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced dog fashioned after her death.— Life of Charlotte Bronte.

WISH FOR NO MAN'S WEALTH .- "I wish I

senger cannot walk through the quietest street had his money," said a young, hearty looking in the city without meeting men, each with a man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, it at his side, and raps it against his large but- who devotes so much time to wishing, that too What is the pail for? One may not be able to see anything in the pail. but, after all, it has a up like a balloon before them, hiding uncountluxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of only sweet by which it is preserved for enjoy-'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth, are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetous ness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you-living; and tears, that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases pain and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiment be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such ture is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying Down goes the meat with the true zest, and and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon deemed it due the honor of America to assist the bread tastes as sweetly as manna, for he has you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flo the health which labor brings. At last he and rocks and streams, and holy places, know no gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surbeauty, but comes upon his barren hills, to bless The whistle sounds again, and again the the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong hands and courageous heart are at work. strong, his note as gay, and in his humble home The day is now upon the wane, but he grows little weary, for there is a warm place in his cause no envy dims it. Let us, then, labor and Mohammed Habbat, nephew of the celebrated Means and Habbat, nephew of the celebrated Mohammed Habbat, nephew of th

I heard an anecdote the other day; let me close with it, to show you how profound is her dustry of the North for the very comforts of life. That most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think, ith a small naval squadron, were sent to the a day's labor achieved—of hard money hardly a crowd of some 4,000 people, defending the won. A thousand children run to meet the little tin pails, and beg the privileges of carry- which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, family group gathered around the evening the moment of hushed attention, when the board! Before those healthy appetites, how voice of Prentiss had ceased, and the applause On his arrival in the Mediterranean, General good wife washes the tea things where they claimed, "D-n the North! was about to break forth, the horseman ex-Saton at once proceeded to Alexandria, in stand, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped so much in unison with the habitual feeling of Egypt, and formed a treaty in behalf of the out and polished off for the next day's service. a Mississippi audience, that it quenched their nited States with the Bashaw's elder brother, Thus, and thus again, the days go round, with enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman. Prentiss turned his lame footaround, and said, "Major Moody, will you rein in that steed a moment?" He assented. Said he, "Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missopri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head was made in Danbury, Conn.; the poots you wear came from Lyon, Mass, : the which, since his banishment, he had held among may the food never fail! Few understand up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manuhow truly the little tin pail is the index of the facture, and was cut in New York; and if today you surrender what you owe the 'd-d North,' you would sit stark naked." [Laughter

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS .- It is generally death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event It builds magnificent cities, and builds naand it was customary for strangers, who hap constituted the assailing force—all these things Should he not be well housed? Should he not with the names and birthdays of himself, his all that we have to eat and drink and wear be the same nature—he proceeded to entreat that Our readers are also aware of the discredita- honored? To us, there is more true poetry about she would have the kindness to present him ble conclusion of this affair. Hamet was deprived, after all, of the fruits of the victory, in under heaven. It matters not in what calling carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in consequence of the treaty secretly made by the panic stricken usurper, who, just as he was about losing his kingdom, agreed with Tobias and tollar in the toll manfully, honestly, efficiently, and contented. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not "O, you surely must have son one left." thing," said the persevering Saxon; "anything EMILY BRONTE. — The remarkable trait of courage in a woman, which the following in cident exhibits, is found in the life of Charlotte Bronte:

Bronte: took place-the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing ture as long as he was with friends; but he his request. At length, fairly tired out with who struck him with a stick or whip roused the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at him, with a smile, "'Deed, sir, unless you take

> would beat him so severely that he would never | sleeping students, saving many from death, but perishing in his devotion to them. Harry was 23 years old, and was a member of the Baptist church. This is one of that class that Judge Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, Taney says "have no rights which a white man in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared man amends by saving, that they "have the man amends by saying, that they "have the

> paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up etairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy
>
> The Silk Crop in Europe.—A London letter says that the prospect of the silk crop in and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of com-ing night. Down stairs came Emily, dragging and no mischief has been observed thus far, after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs although a recent return of cold weather caused set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by great apprehension. In Spain and Italy, where the "scruft of his neck," but growling low the season is earlier, the little spinners have The watchers successfully passed what is called the second would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear stage. Last year, in those countries the unfa-of taking off Emily's attention, and causing vorable symptoms had manifested themselves her to avert her head for a moment from the